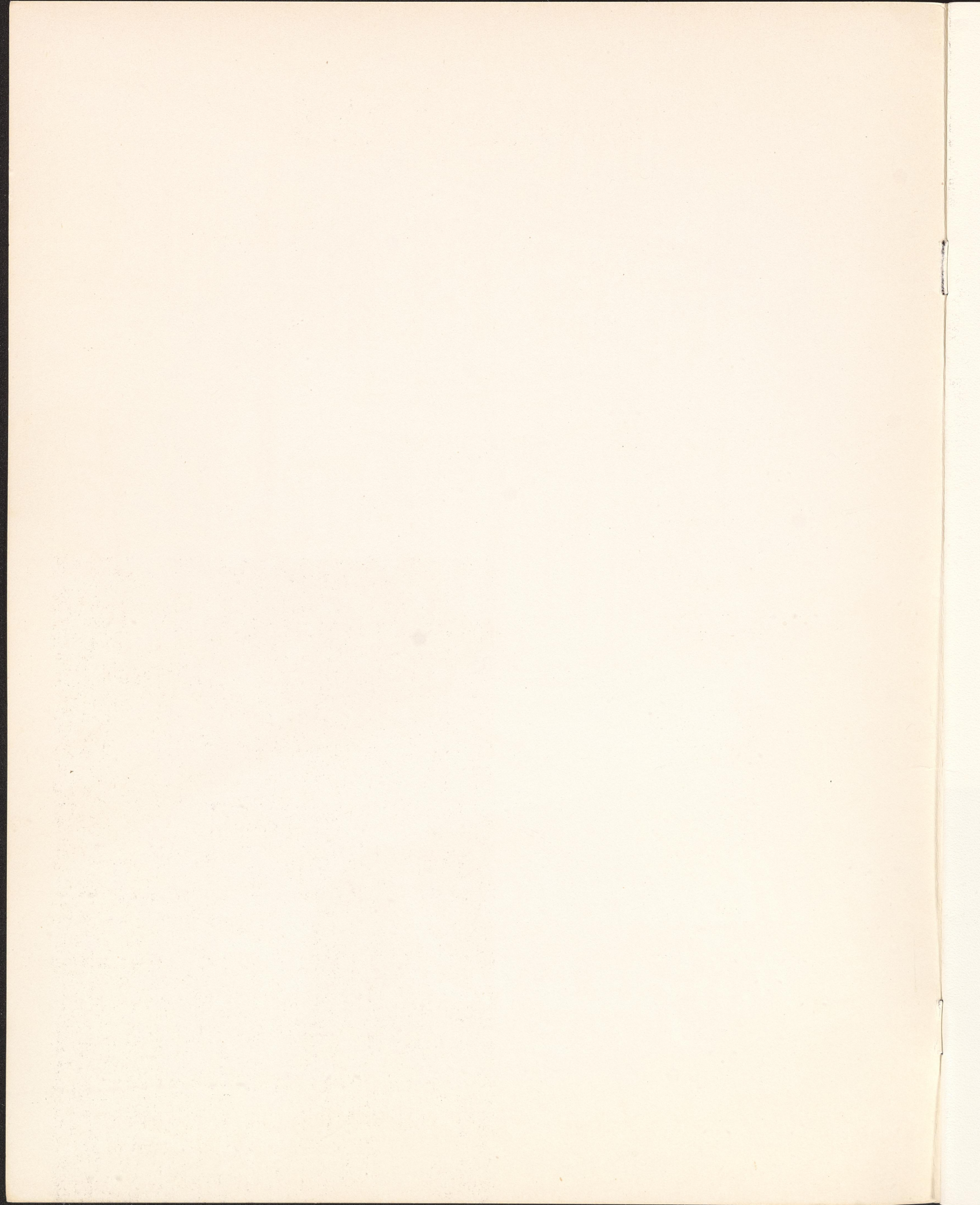




Hallmarks of Harpeth Hall

SPRING 1969



HALLMARKS

a publication of
PENSTAFF

MEMBERS

President

Dorothy Keenan

Vice-President

Sheri Anglea

Secretary-Treasurer

Kathy Grant

Peggy Campbell

Susan Cornelius

Jeannie Crawford

Peggy Davitt

Merrie Morrissey

Grace Paine

Judy Quinn

Rachel Steele

Margaret Weaver

Paula Whitson

Sponsor

Mrs. Keys



THE AGES OF SOFT GRAY DUST

Peggy Davitt, '70

*Far along the edgeless gray-green plain
Unsaid sounds whirl in and out of rhyme;
Shrouded in unhappened, unfelt time.
Whispers echo in and fade again.
The conscious ask for explanation sane:
What stony mound must each sojourner climb,
Advancing toward a crusty seat of lime,
With what exquisite joy or perfect pain?
Swathed in gauze the distant zone conceals
A leprous knowledge, hung with moist gray veils.
Blessedly, a bleary curtain seals
The sight of unavowed surety.
Compassion's gentle gift, obscurity,
Withholds the fate and what the fated feels.*



TO THE FIRST POET

Paula Whitson, '69

*So I've come to this place that you sang of
so long ago,
Held the warm wind as it sifts through the
senses,
Smelled the fresh news of the salt on my
tongue,
Heard the soft blue of the sky touch eyelashes.
And I've tried to express it, but out of
my soul comes the echo of your song:
This mountain's first poem,
The first and last notes of a song that near
captured the wind through the senses.*

A SONG FOR JULIET'S MORNING

Sheri Anglea, '70

*You, who calls me forth in daytime,
from my bed, like a spirit
of innocence that sleeps
in the hearts of many.
You, who wake me up to a dawn
of sweet freshness,
Thank you for the mornings,
and the memories
of the nighttime,
wherever you are.
Like Montague are you,
but much more.
If only this night on my balcony were felt
by the whole world.*

"DE AMICITIA"

Judy Quinn, '69

*It's a yo-yo sort of feeling,
a slingshot in the back pocket,
a skipping-down-the-road-with-a-cherry-
popsickle sort of feeling.
It's when you've got a yellow balloon
tied to your little finger
But sometimes*

*Your friend,
The Balloon
is spun too high by laughing winds
Your friends,
The Winds*

*And little yellow pieces snow
and show
what Cicero
knows.*

EACH PIECE

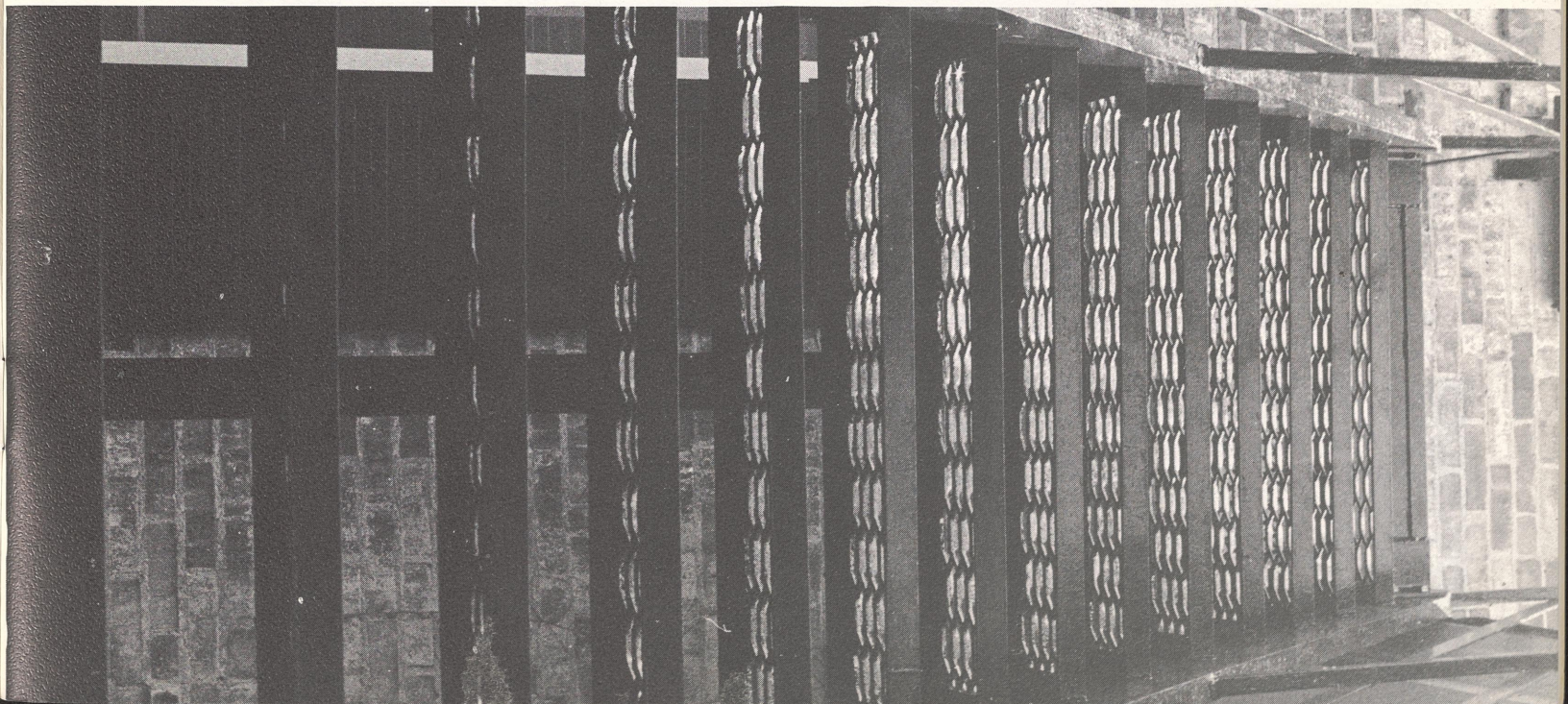
Margaret Weaer, '70

*A flower so lovely pink and glad
A field so full and beautiful
Each flower with a piece
To magnify the whole.
A person so cold, jeweled, and useless
A world so dry and empty
Each one with a piece
To magnify the whole.
And yet a man can stand
A barren, helpless creature
To lift the screen of loss
And add a small fine piece
To magnify the whole.*

A SHELF OF THOUGHTS

Margaret Weaver, '70

*A pasted line holds ten pieces together
And each sheet is forced to be closed
A shelf of patterns forever
Each pale square is solidly posed
Before a mind jagged and set
An idea too suppressed to ever grow tall
A thought like the patterns of a net
Endless as a prison of ribboned walls
Others must understand your ways
For they are branded among the files
Of minds arranged as the endless sand lays
And lives fitted in jigsaw miles*



MORBID BUT MERRY

Grace Paine, '70

I don't believe I've ever felt merrier! It's quite a strange feeling. My exhilaration is about to pop me wide open! Oh, but I'd never let that happen. It's much too important that I control myself. There's only two more hours to wait! I'll see if my mind can meander to something else.

Ah yes, the pawn shop, I remember it too well. Sitting all day long and never moving, I must have sat there at least six years. All I could do was stare at the case of rings that sat in front of me. And then one day my boring life changed!

Two mindeific-looking men slithered into the shop on that somber day, casting nervous, darting glances in my direction! I couldn't help admiring their pleasing looks immediately. Both of the small skinny men had the collars of their over-large black trench coats pulled up. Their hat brims, long stretched out of position from constant tugging, were pulled down as far as their dumbo ears would permit. One of the men had a scar that rippled malignantly across his pale cheek. Though not as comely, the other man had good features also. His nose had the delicate appearance that a sledge hammer had sweetly flattened it and extended the crook past his lips. I thought that these men were looking at the rings like everyone else. But imagine my glee when they sneaked me into their pocket! Being shoplifted was such a beautiful beginning to my new life! The ugly, little pawn broker would never miss me. I am just a malicious and maladjusted Micky Mouse watch. Who could care if I were gone? Anyway my favorite philosophy is that it is better to be malicious and maladjusted than magnanimous and maggoty.

I really am a marvelous little watch. You know it's quite delightful to fool everyone like I do. Anyone who sees my disgusting exterior immediately falls in love with me. That cute little mouse whose arms tell the time is a wonderful front for the evil that lurks within. All my machiavelianism is buried in those misanthropic springs and wheels of icy steel. But it really is quite jolly being a morbid Micky Mouse watch. Of course I must admit I am a little crazy. My one monomania is that I love words beginning with "m". And I'm not the least bit morryful about it. It even helps to make me more magniloquent. Ah, but none of my marvelous virtues can even begin to match what I now contain.

Inside of me now is a wonderful little present that those two lovely men gave me. They never took time to explain the situation exactly to me. It was all very mysterious. I remember being opened up inside a dark room, and a man stuck

a minuscule object in me attaching my mainspring to my train of wheels. I was then held up for close observation by my two friends. Catching a few words of their mumbled conversation mingled with malapert laughing. I remember such phrases as: "It's set for two o'clock.", "The Pentagon," and "Everyone will be killed!"

And this is how I came to lie hidden behind this waterfountain in the Pentagon. I really don't know why they wanted a Micky Mouse watch to carry out their mission, but you know the security methods of these spies today!

There's only one more hour left! I just can't wait! If I'm not careful my ebullition is going to jog my cogs. Calm down now Micky.

I suppose one usually reviews one's life at a time like this. Oh, I'd much rather look on to my glorious future than look back over my miserable past.

It was so traumatic being owned by a little kid. Their moronic muckiness was mordacious. They covered my lens with jelly, and their sticky, grubby hands were always out to mash me in a door or wind me so tight I couldn't relax and tick normally. I remember how I couldn't stand my morose life any longer. Bravely I scraped my wheels together until I had to go to a watch repairman. I was thoroughly broken and completely in pain.

But that was my great mistake. The repairman was even more minacious than the little kid! Oh, the suffering! He was very myopic and he had to put me right next to his massive face to see anything. This fogged my lens and put me in utter agony. He took me apart, poked around (very meddlesomely), and sealed me back. And think of all the money that was paid just to torture me! Ever since then I've always had a mildewed mainspring that misbehaves when the weather's damp.

I know now that I never accomplished a single thing my entire life. I was an instrument of those modred people. They used me, and I was helpless. When I had no power, I was completely in their hands. What could I have done? My machiavelian thoughts were nothing, for they could not be executed. But now, now it is all very different. Deep inside of me there is a power. I now have strength. I can control people! When the magnificent hour of two o'clock arrives, I will begin to live. My very first dramatic action will be carried out. I, the malicious Micky Mouse watch will destroy myself and all those at the Pentagon!

Five more minutes—

Now there's only three—

My life will be beautiful and . . .

Just then a little girl bounces up to the waterfountain. She drinks and then reaches behind

the fountain to find a suitable place for her bubblegum. But to her amazement she finds an adorable little Micky Mouse watch attached there. She says, "I wonder whose this is? I bet they're hiding it. Finder's keepers!" She is obviously no exception to the stereotype version of a spoiled politician's kid. So the little darling winds up the Micky Mouse watch more and more, delighted with the watch she'd found.

The sensitive mainspring breaks while Micky's innocent little hands read one minute until two o'clock. She mutters to herself, "Dumb thing, it'll never work again. I like my Cinderella watch better anyway." And with that she casually tosses it into a nearby trash can and skips happily away.

THE LOSS OF INNOCENCE

Dishonest John and Sweet Polly Purebread

Foreign tales retold by the
fires of borrowed nights,
Woven dream-spins shining
in their garish lights,
We spoke not of now but then,
of a when uncaught,
But lodged in someone's throat
who sadly sought
Forever.
Where are the long-laden tears borne
of fears since dead,
Lost in the rain of shattering glass
slippers,
Cutting and splintering into the heart?
Who cries somewhere hazy
far from these who hear,
For a hold on the clouds, for
a dream-drawing near,
But ever scorned as we ever grow
older, so wise?
Who calling comes, with dear-
priced plums for sale?
And did we laugh (and with the
bitter fruit turn pale),
A clattering laugh, alto to the
clatter of his leaving?
Only to cover the yearning within
to know what had gone.
Sought: the shadow of a silent
yes.
Intertwined with some stifled
denial—
No!
Eardrums at peace in the trumpet-
triumphant of never-ever,
Twice fought
Thrice fought
Unresolved.
Deny we do the cock-crowing
morning,

Thrice? More, more.

And again to face what the past
has borne so heavy, has
brought this silent
crumbling.

And scream in the night, shrink
before the glare of
affirmation,

Unfound,

Consumed in the dimming flames,
And never more elation.

"Do join us in our ritual dance,
for the death of a glance towards
freedom."

Was it ever within our grasp?

Was it not a spoken lie of those
who are chance destroyers?

No, it whispers, we clutching our
heads to force out the pain of its
clanging.

THE WALL

Susan Cornelius, '69

I walk into the wall where I begin to breathe.

Tingle

I visit all my favorite places

Staying maybe weeks and then

I never run out of things to do and

Places to go and

Everything is incredibly wonderful.

I'm walking all around in my past now,

Really enjoying what I didn't have sense

Enough to enjoy before. I'm

Wallowing in the happiness of my lost

Past, squirming and wriggling 'til I slide . . .

Into my

Present, which quickly slips past and from which

I instantly skid . . .

Into the

Future. There I cannot stay long for there is

No enjoyment, no experience.

I love to slither through my life in

The wall. It's all I've ever dreamed of.

Excepting other people—There is the flaw

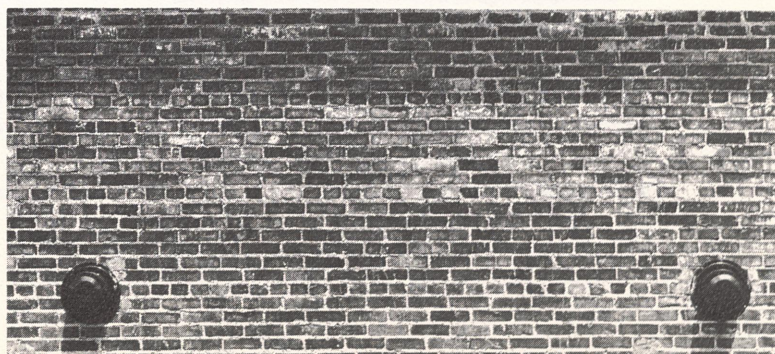
No one to share

No one to share with

No one to share for . . .

I wonder if I love this world

At all.



A MEMORY

Claire Brittain, '71

Those summer days,
When time was eternity.
You and I,
And the sea.
She joined in with our laughter,
gleaming, glittering, forgetting all cares
as we ran along her shore.
She tickled our feet
as they dangled in the water,
creeping up softly
so we wouldn't discover her
until she sprung.
Then, when we were tired,
she'd sooth us with her quiet calmness,
until our dreams overtook everything.
But now it's winter
And she weeps with me.

sirocco

Peggy Davitt, '70

can the image
 once dispelled
be recaptured
or does it remain
 vapor intangible
like a shimmering mist
 above the grave
 when the dirge is sung
and the stone laid—
 can it ever rise
to be again envisioned—
led back from oblivion
 by some dark and gentle god
the still face watches
 but never returns—
an essence remembered
 whose substance is lost
there is such finality
 in the sound of
 lost
it is like a wind
that has been blowing
 at your back
where you have been
 that when you turn
your face into it
 and look across
the golden filed behind you
and find the wind
 still warm
the wind says
 lost
 lost

A SONG ON CHRISTMAS EVE

Sheri Anglea, '70

The beauty of a lonely life is found
 in the night,
When the day has flown
 to settle on roof-tops
 and city lights
 and Christmas trees
 and green wreaths,
 and piano songs,
 and harpsichords.
When velvet bows undo the hair,
and ashes snuff the fire and all
 the properness of the day
 lends to a comfortable chair
to sit, and see, and listen,
and feel, and think,
 remembering
 in the darkness
seeing whizzes of car lights in snowfall
the bass, purring,
 oozy music
 out of the FM,
the Christmas tree reflections
in my window
circles of tinsel wreaths,
dizzy balls,
 dangling
 flashing and contrasting the
 memories of these things,
 last year,
 in other winter poems
written inside a memory cell of love.





GAMES ARE LIKE THAT

Rachel Steele, '70

It's not your fault,
Games are like that you know—
Just because you're all little round holes and I'm
a square peg doesn't mean there's not a square
hole somewhere.
So you just squeeze comfortably into your round
holes and I'll stay on top of the play-box;
Don't worry about me—
I see more of the hammer out here anyway.

PRESSED POPPY SONG

Judy Quinn, '69

Like old bookcases
in an English morning room
by the fireside with coffee
He was.
I was more like
blown poppies
and dust of spring.
One day
He brought me in
and with Eliot
I watched him
As he
Buttered scones
and watered me good-morning,
until water could help no more
And pressed
In a book-dark
I could smell the coffee
and wood-smoke
When he
Opened me
With sighs-once-in-a-while.

FROGGY

Susan Cornelius, '69

Froggy, Froggy, in the lab
Did they in the leg you stab?
That was so that you'd stop jumping,
Once and for all stop that grumping.
Now I you must go dissect
Down the middle is correct.
Liver, kidneys, lungs, and heart,
It seems I'm tearing you apart.
All your veins seem intermingled,
Oh! If they were only singled.
My! With only bones you're naked,
Don't catch cold for goodness' saked.
There, it seems I'm finding through,
I know not what with you to do.
Behind Mom's back you'll to the freezer,
I'll have to move you, though, to appease her.
Then I'll try the refrigerator,
"EEK!" she screams, "an alligator!"
I really must of you dispose,
But that's the way the frog's life goes.
So . . . Beware you happy, hopping frogs,
Don't be the bolt that clogs the cogs,
Then you won't end up in our lab
With needles and fingers there to jab.

IMPRESSIONS

Jeannie Crawford, '70

*And mother was a soft place to rest
on a rainy afternoon
Sitting on the wide front porch
with the rain pouring off the roof
into the flower bed
Folded in among her white aprons
Her face was smooth and white
Moss-green eyes
Dark and shadowy
Honey hair and grey
Gentle fingers running through the
tangles in your hair
She told about the flowers drinking up the rain
And the wide grey sky seemed less cold
And the baby raindrops friendly
And her arms were warm
As the rain fell just beyond the thin grey columns
on the porch
The chair creaking as it rocked.
The long box creaked too
As they lowered it
into the soggy ground
Water trickling down the smooth sides
The silver-black curves over the round bowed
shoulders
But the wide grey sky was not so cold
And the baby raindrops were her friends.*

TO
Margo Hill, '70

*As I run free
Through the verdant pastures
of your mind
And stoop to pluck the blossoms
of your thoughts—
Your tender love caresses the harsh realities of
life.*

WHEN WRINKLES UNWRINKLE

Judy Quinn, '69

*The swooping sea gulls know
What her salty hands say
And her fired-face
When the white-that-used-to-be
smiles when wrinkles unwrinkle.
 krinkle—her eyes are crowsfeet
That leave footprints on others' beaches
Footprints that they remember
Even after tide
rides
 over
 and
 out.*

AND NOW—THE TRUTH

Ann Denson, '69

*The air was so clean, so fresh—
The morning was so new—
You could smell the morning
freshandalive
Morning peace and morning stillness and
morning quiet . . .
This was the mourning—cold and grace,
The air was so humid, so dirty—
The mourning was so new—
You could feel and see the mourning—
Mourning prayers and mourning tears and
morning mourning . . .*



GENEVIEVE

Peggy Davitt, '70

why are you standing
among the blue liatris
where the bright moths
are crowding on the flower-heads
why are you always wandering
out in the fields,
child
and coming home
with great bunches of flowers
clutched
in your hand
and your eyes
distant and dreaming
you—with nettles on your on your dress
and your hair
a mess of tangles
you say you like to stand there
when the windflowers open
in the morning
and feel the air fresh with rain
and spring-wind
and hear the starting sounds
of day
is something there
more beautiful
more real
more tangible to
inward feeling
tell me . . . you say . . .
is there anything at all
like
standing under a hill
on bright, windy days
and watching
the grass-waves on it

DRIED-UP CREEK

Susan Cornelius, '69

I'm a dried-up creek.
No more water
Just hard-packed dirt—
Dried-up mud
That's me
Mud—not even classy mud—
No texture, no substance—
Dried-up
Packed tight.
When it gets really dry
I crack and
Split.
It's kind of like stretching
Where you didn't have room
To stretch.
I'm restricted you know
I'm stuck and
Packed.
I can't even yawn without
Cracking.
Maybe if it rained, I could
Expand again.
Ah, that would be mud.
What glory to be mud!



FROM KENNEDY, JULY 9

Paula Whitson, '69

*The smell of stale sweat isn't too hard
to miss here,
As pilgrims pack in on their way to the
Old World.
To Rome? Yes, to Rome.
The word is a symbol
of Yankeeified tall tales of cheaply priced
Culture.
Wave your new passport, clutch your old
rosary,
But take that damned suitcase from off of
my foot.
My legs are Hanes-hosed and your rank breath
offends me,
Just shove me once more and I promise to
kick you!
So babbling Italian and knocking more like
me,
She kisses this beast who slaps with his
last word:
Waves to my friend with his dirty brown
hand,
And says what I shuddered to hear all along,
"Ciao."*

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

Susan Cornelius, '69

*The setting—gay and festive
The melody—suggestive
Of the rollicking
Frolicking
Trollicking
People who ride and ride
Swaying from side to side
Bobbing up and down
On mechanically lifeless
Wooden—
Up and and all
 down
Around
The lively music will resound
We all have the grandest time
Ding the bells and ring the chime . . .
There's no stopping the merry-go-round
But I'm glad
I didn't buy
a ticket.*

GRAINS OF LONLINESS

Susan Cornelius, '69

*Here on a big wide beach
With sands and sands of time
In solitary unconfinement
In granulated depths sublime.
Standing, smally beside the sea
Walking, longly by its edge
Running, tripply through its sand
Tumbling, solely to its heart.
Here on a big wide beach
I bend and break the sand
And I stand here desolately
As I mistfully wander this lonesome land.*

THE DEATH OF LIGHT

Sandy Feustel, '70

*Red, blues, fusing from opposite sides of the
spectrum.
Splashing out all other colors between,
Blinding the weak and sensitive eyes of mortal
man,
With the brilliance of their display,
Light
 which hides nothing.
Yet—all their flourish dies down,
With the uselessness of their exhibition,
And each light of color nestles down,
Behind a veil that man can see,
 Darkness
 which hides everything.*

A PROMETHEUS TIME

Judy Quinn, '69

*the crowd is ravenous
and vulturous as they swoop again
and again to see
 laughing and flapping away
all the time while the mad screeching
becomes a
 torturous buzz.
and you are picked at again and again.
 (they find the tenderest spots.)
till you fall
 and smother your own courage.
then they are quiet
with only an occasional cry
if you lift your head
 or roll your eyes.*

FISH OF WHITE AND RED

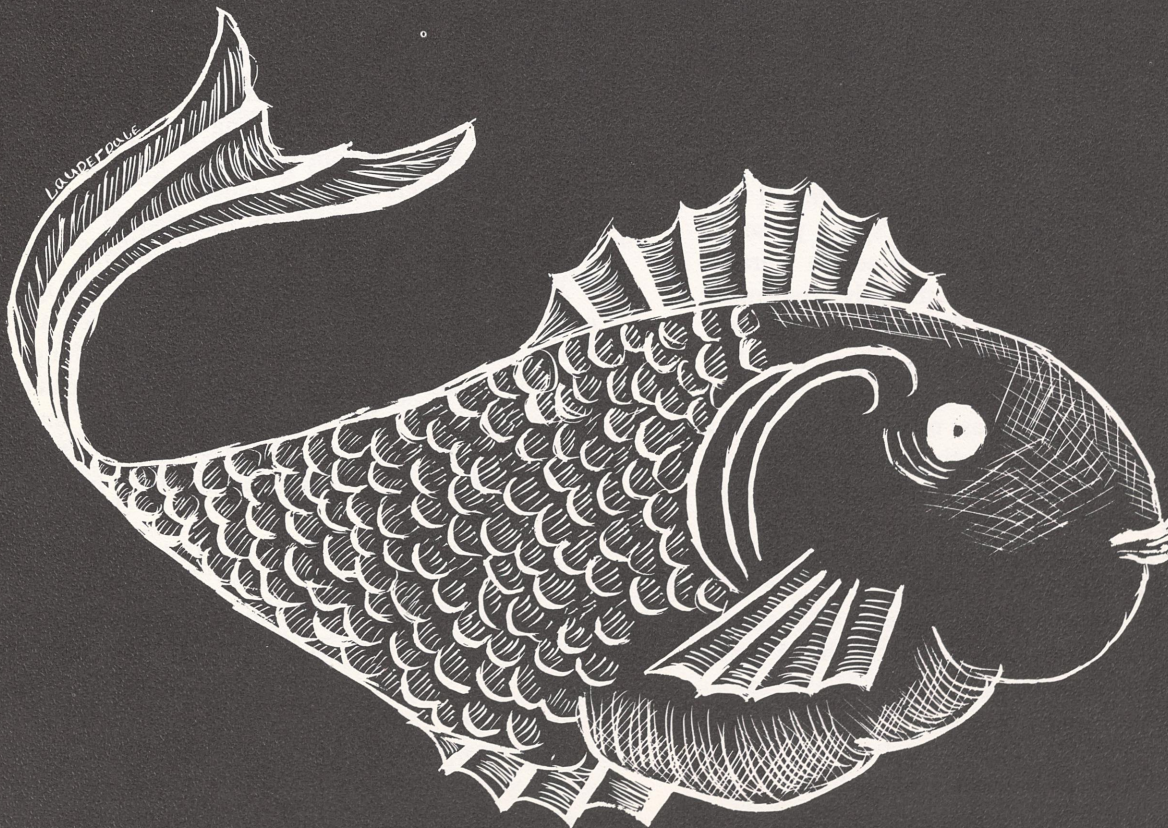
Judy Quinn, '69

*your bones creak
and your tendons whine
and you stretch and reach
and reach
and reach
into that pool of
white darkness
to catch a fish.
you could see flashes of his
silver scaled body
and you could see waves
that followed his movements
and the whirlpools
who fought against him
and only followed themselves
in a circle
in a circle
in a circle.*

*and you wonder why you can't touch him . . .
and you bend your head
and grit your teeth
and grit your teeth
in the black soil*

*and you hurt
and you ache
and you stretch.
and you watch hypnotized
by his bright flashes
and then you see
the red
red
red
red
red*

*hook marks
where others have tried.
and then you understand
and then you slide into the cool
with Him
with Him
with Him . . .*



THE LONELY THING

Beth Parrish, '70

An unshared secret is a lonely thing. That's true, thought Rush, but I sure don't know anyone who will ever be lonely because of an unshared secret. Anyway she jotted the thought on a piece of paper, left it on her desk, and dashed off to class.

She didn't go back to her room until late that afternoon. Kyle, her roommate, had her nightgown on and was lying on her bed, reading the paper.

"Kyle I didn't know you were coming back today. How do you feel?"

"Great. I could have come back yesterday, but I wasn't up for that history test, so I stayed. Thanks for warning me. Miss Newhawk intercepted your note, though, and decided I was ready to go back to school."

"Oh well, we're glad you're back. Oh by the way, have you heard the news? Miss Lincoln wants us to switch roommates and guess who she's chosen for you? Caroline."

"No, I refuse to share a room with that turnip. If she thinks I'm gonna take her, she's crazy. Anyway, I have no intention of switching roommates. For one thing, think of all the stuff we have stashed in this room. If Miss Lincoln ever discovers our arsenal, we won't have to worry about roommates. Mainly because we will no longer be attending dear old Sayre School. And if I get kicked out of this school my mother isn't gonna love me too much."

"Yeah, I know what you mean. But while you were sick Miss Lincoln went through all our medicine looking for that cough syrup prescription the doctor gave you last time we were in New York. Well, she found it. Only, remember what we put in that cough syrup bottle? Unfortunately Miss Lincoln knows now, too. She tasted your so-called "cough syrup," and I thought she was gonna pass out. Anyway, after a three hour lecture on abstinence and the conduct of a Sayre School lady, you and I ended up campused for the rest of this month. So that means we're gonna be climbing out our window the rest of the month."

"Oh well, nothing new. So that's why all the emotion of switching roommates, right? I guess it'd be better to go along with her. We're probably lucky we're still here."

"That's the way I looked at it, too. So why don't you get dressed and let's go act real repentant in front of Miss Lincoln and maybe she'll at least give us decent roommates."

So Kyle dressed and they trooped down to Miss Lincoln's office. Miss Lincoln, however,

was not the least impressed by their brief show of humility. Kyle was given Caroline as expected, and Rush got Claire Mayor.

The day before everyone left for Christmas vacation, some of the dorm gathered in Kyle's room to talk. The conversation turned to roommate escapades, which led Kyle and Rush to talking about old times, which led them to talking about their present roommates.

"Oh I hate my roommate," Rush cried. "She is the biggest pig! She's gross and nasty and so are her friends, and she never picks up anything. Also, I think she takes a bath about once every three weeks. But we have fabulous fights. At least it's better than having Caroline."

"Oh Rush," said Kyle, "it's not really that bad. I just ignore her like everyone else does. By the way, where is she? Miss Lincoln says she's not going home for Christmas because her parents are traveling and they don't want to fool with her. So she's staying with Miss Lincoln for Christmas holidays. Yesterday in English, Miss Lemering gave us a lecture on being nice to her."

"Oh that's sad; I feel sorry for her," somebody interjected.

"Yeah, I do kinda, too. But she gives me the creeps. She acts like she's always in a daze. I have French with her and I think she daydreams through the whole class. In fact, I think she must daydream all the time. Plus that she's always staring at me."

"Maybe so, Kyle," said Rush, "but you have a complex about people staring at you. I told you to ask Miss Lincoln to change you again if she really bothers you that much."

"I know, but it's not worth the trouble to explain why I want to change to Miss Lincoln. But if you're ever noticed, Miss Lincoln kinda ignores her, too, because Caroline's never been allowed to have any extra privileges or anything, and she makes good grades. That's what I can't understand. Why she never listens in class and still makes good grades, and how I listen attentively and still I'm on the no-privilege list for this six weeks."

"Yeah, Kyle," laughed Rush. "Your listen real attentively. That must be why in French you wrote a five page letter to that boy you met in New York last week. That's paying great attention."

"Oh well," said Kyle, "that doesn't count. French class bores me. Right now though I have got to go and finish packing. Bye everybody."

Rush stood up, too. "I have to finish packing, too. Everybody have a great vacation and write me."

After Christmas vacation came exams, Rush

and Kyle pulled through with their usual C's, and from then on all their thoughts centered on graduation.

In March Kyle asked for a new roommate. She was pooh-poohed by Miss Lincoln, who said Caroline's staring and silence were all in Kyle's imagination. So Kyle simply ignored Caroline more than before if that was possible, and spent less and less time in her room. She didn't really have time to think about Caroline too much because graduation, the coming summer, and college next fall occupied most of her thoughts. After graduation she and Rush were going to Wales to live for the summer because Kyle had an Aunt and Uncle who lived there, and they had asked them to come for the summer. Then they were going off to college together. Miss Lincoln nearly died when they were both accepted at the same college, but there was not an awful lot she could do about it. Rush and Kyle had already thought of a hundred new ways to get into trouble in college even before they graduated from Sayre.

Rush and Claire were still at swords, but the nature of their battles was much improved. In fact, they had actually become reconciled to each others presence. Kyle, however, continued to ignore Caroline along with the rest of the girls. Caroline never said anything and many times her presence was completely forgotten. The silence deepened, however, and Kyle could feel Caroline's eyes even in her sleep. Caroline's presence became harder in one respect to ignore, but easier in another.

On the last day of May, Kyle went back to her room late. In the pink-gray dusk she noticed Caroline was not in the room. Relieved, she switched on the light and closed the curtains. Then, without turning around she could feel Caroline's presence in the room. She also knew why she had not seen her before. Caroline was not sitting at her desk. She was sitting at Kyle's desk. She was wearing Kyle's clothes. And she was calmly writing on Kyle's monogrammed stationery.

* * * * *

"Rush, I still don't understand," said Kyle.

"Kyle, there's not really that much to understand. Remember how Caroline was kinda quiet; she never said anything so everyone more or less ignored her. Then it's just what Miss Lincoln told us in assembly this morning. Caroline found she was unable to compete in reality. So she retreated into a dream world. Then you became her roommate and since you were around her more than anyone else, she was able to observe closely how you acted and what you did. But instead of copying you in reality, she copied you

in her mind until she thought she was you. To herself she was no longer Caroline, she was Kyle."

"That's hard to believe, though. I guess they'll send her away and try to convince her she's really Caroline."

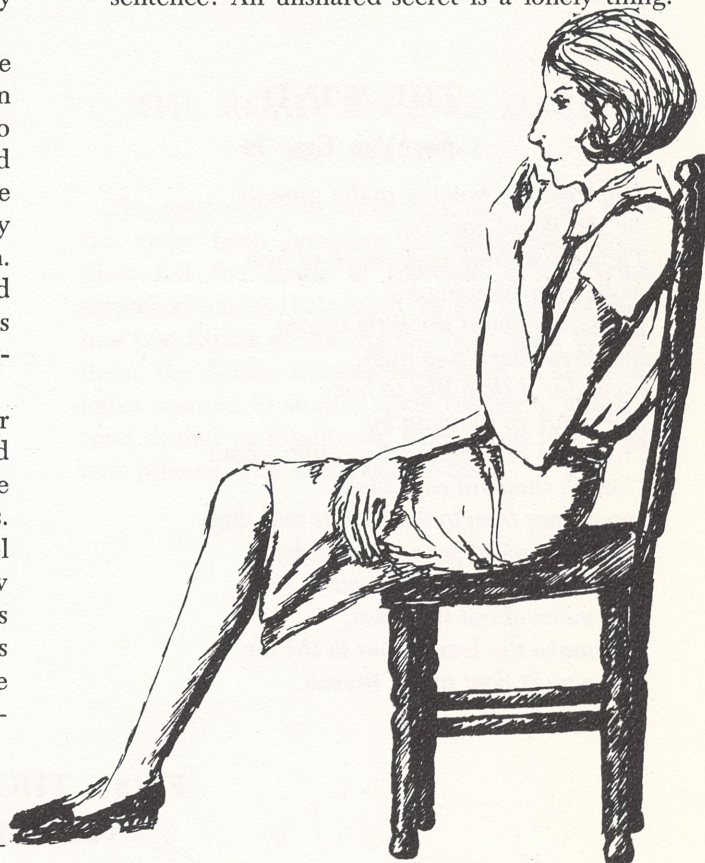
"From what Miss Lincoln said I suppose so."

"I guess it's really my fault this happened. It was just so much easier to ignore Caroline than to try to befriend her. And yet she pays for my selfishness."

"Kyle, it's not just your guilt; it belongs to everybody, because everyone ignored Caroline. It was just the accepted thing to do."

That same afternoon, someone came and got Caroline's things. When Kyle came back to the half-empty room, she checked all the drawers to be sure nothing of Caroline's had been left. In one of Caroline's desk drawers wedged in the back, was a piece of paper.

Jotted on the piece of paper was the single sentence: An unshared secret is a lonely thing.



SEARCHING

Mary Ellen Finks, '69

*Reaching out into the vast darkness.
Grasping at whatever is there . . .
To create and experience.
Living free, yet within a boundry.*

SPRING

Cora Dobson, '74

*Spring is the season of the fresh and new,
Of early crisp morning with light frosts and
dew.
Spring is the time when the birds start to sing,
And green foliage appears on trees too.
Spring is the time to forget all your cares
And take the life of the free,
To venture to places where no dares
And enjoy all the beauties to see
Spring is the time to live and to love
And to make all bright and gay,
To enjoy the blue sky and the stars above
And to cherish each moment and day.*

THE TOUCH OF FALL

Mary Alice Harbison, '74

*The sky is tinged with gray and red
And as the sun peeps o'er the hill
Its rays are met by autumn leaves
A waterfall of endless color.
Then, a breath of wind rises
As it whispers its way through the trees
It entices the leaves to come with it
"Come, I am lonely," it cries.
Swirling, speeding, over and over
Colored leaves follow the wind
Unable to pull themselves free, they follow
And come to final rest upon the ground.
Slowly, the myriads of color are drawn away
To be a blanket for the earth
And as their life is drained away
The colors wither, and die.*

THE WIND

Cathy Van Eys, '74

*The trees are bowing to the ground
As Mr. Wind goes by,
They must think very much of him
As he goes blowing by.
He moves about the little leaves
And they soar up so high,
I wonder if they like to have
The wind go blowing by.
The wind can scatter the clouds about
Though they are very high,
Sometimes they look like cats and dogs
When the wind goes blowing by.
It must be fun to be the wind
And move about the trees,
And make the leaves soar in the air
And clouds float in the breeze.*

LIFE

Ellen Daugherty, '74

*Life's not always easy, like
sliding on ice,
You're always slipping and
it's not always nice.
It's not always nice and it's
sometimes quite rough,
But you have to withstand
it, and you have to be
tough.
When all of your dreams seem
like they might fall,
Stand up real brave and
smile through it all.
Stand tall on your feet, through
all hardships and strife,
Be kind, considerate and happy
with life.*

FIRST THOUGHTS

Vicki Mills, '74

*The bees buzz around the newly formed
flowers,
The young green buds on the trees dance
in the wind,
Birds sing sweetly for, oh, so many
hours,
The brightness and the warmth of the sun
does mend,
The hopes of the future and the thoughts
of then.*

UNNOTICED

Josephine Kelley, '73

*A tiny seed
Planted deeply in the rich,
Brown earth
Trod over by many.
A lonely man
Embedded in the problems
Of life
Trod over by many.
Soon both blossom
Revealing forms of life never
Seen by the human eye;
The world detects no beauty
Still both trod over by many.*

STRIKE ONE FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT

Josephine Kelley, '73

*Through a curtain of darkness
A small, lonely caterpillar struggles
Struggles to get out into the world free of the
Establishment
In this world of obscureness
No one differs in thought, word, or deed
All remain identical, mechanical beings, using
no ideas of their own
Many people go into this world
But few go out
Those who do break out find an outer world of
wonder and
Beauty
Suddenly a definite, descending crack appears
in the curtain of blackness
The butterfly of change emerges.*

THE ROAD

Lynn Farrar, '74

*Life, is really a road
That twists and turns everywhere
It winds infinitely
Here and there.
Sometimes your path is clear
And straight
But then it smears
And bends.
There are always crossroads;
The wrong,
The right
To pick the right is to be strong.*

THE ROAD BECAME DARK

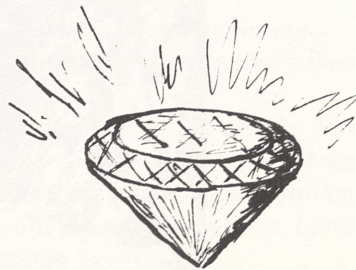
Jerri Rule, '73

The road was becoming dark as the two boys ran away from boredom on their motorcycle. They felt the tingle of freedom as the wind screeched across their faces. In the distance they saw two flames of fire. As the boys sped toward them, the flames became headlights. The headlights seemed to shatter upon the boys, and the road sizzled in brightness. The sound was of no end. Silence. The road became dark.

HIDDEN BEAUTY

Mary Alice Harbison, '74

*Life is like an uncut diamond
It's rough, dirty, gets kicked about;
There's no inner beauty yet, and
All its sunbeams are clouded with doubt.
Yet deep down there's one crystal tear;
One tiny shimmer that's never quite hidden.
For the bad, ugly, scared-up spots
There's always that shiny glow.
That makes it a diamond.*



TINY PRINCES AND TAMED FOXES

Rachel Steele, '70

*You are blind.
Your eyes are gaudy, golden Christmas balls
Reflecting distorted images
The warm breath of a child can cloud
Your bleated vision, his tiny fingers
Dizzy your dull senses.
Tiny Princes and Tamed Foxes know
There's more to this
Than the shine and tinsel you see.
. . . You call that cathedral
Beautiful?
What about the dirty man
Without any legs
That sits below its cold stained glass?
Snow
When it falls, sticks
To your exquisite cathedral, but
Melts on the uplifted hand of the beggar
Don't you know
That what is essential cannot be seen
With the eyes?
Children are different.
They run back with a penny for
the men their parents don't see
And they cry when dragged into the
cold sanctuary.
Their eyes are young
And unaccustomed to our neon lights.
They have to see with their hearts.
You are blind
You are grown up.*

STORM

Shannon Stony, '72

*The thunder somewhere in the dark clouds, a
breeze stills the trees.
On a still spring day a heavy storm approaches.
A breeze stirring the trees, it grows a little
stronger,
Until the trees are swaying.
The trees begin to sway in all different
directions, more now.
Not together, but all acting as if they're thrown
into a panic by the approaching storm that
gets nearer.
The panic gets more and more wild,
Some small, new, green buds are blown down from
the swaying trees.
The height of the panic; then the rain rushes
down in one fell swoop.
The rain comes down with a sort of sigh.
The panic has stopped, and the trees stand still
as if reaching up with their arms to accept
the rain.
The air is cool and a sweet, wet, dank smell of
wet wood and ground comes in.*



the old pride

Peggy Davitt, '70

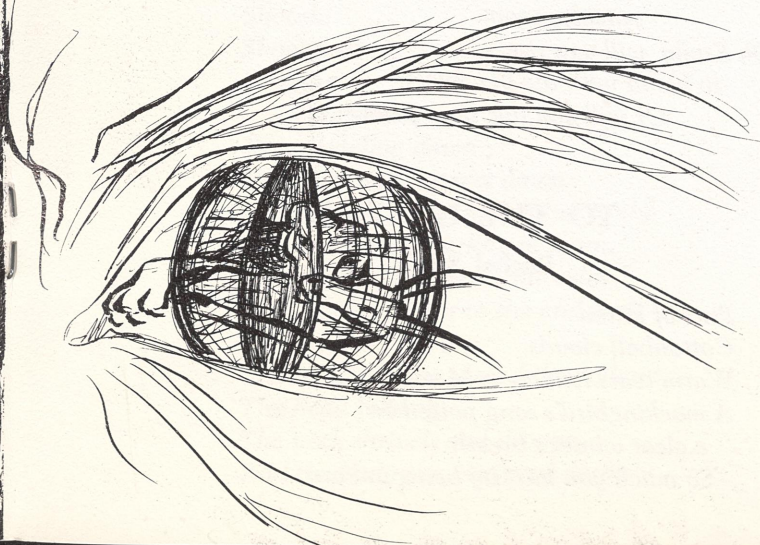
we that were young
 unfettered
 and free
lie battered with age
and torn
 with time
missing the kill
 and bending
nearer and nearer
 the dust
the grass-eaters look with disgust
on their fallen masters
rolling, jibbering apes
pick
and scratch
 and scream
and toss the dirt . . .
as we lie quietly breathing
the monkeys
 lollop and jump
like the gray gazelles that leapt
in masses
 of moving, springing flesh
their hot blood rushing
 beneath
coiled, quivering necks
 . . . and the scattered fur
you do not hear my voice, brothers
my deep-throated call . . .
it
 is gone
like the wind in the grass
where are the gongs, said we . . .
now
 we only chatter
aimlessly
and lie in the red dust
bent to the earth are the hunters
and the hunted
 are roaming free



ESCAPE

Patti Pigg, '70

Running across green meadows of hope
I pass swaying, leafy forests filled with
Children.
—Small, starving children. Huddled together
Beneath the foliage—
Their plaintive cries haunt me—
Imploring eyes peer around lichen encrusted
Branches.
—Once apple-rosy-red cheeks. Now gaunt
And parched from hunger and neglect—
Chalky-gray fingers stretch futilely
Toward my retreating form. I pause, then keep
Running.
—Out of dark mustiness, into crystal sunlight.
I run—across a meadow—
Towards
 a
 dream.



THE DOCTOR

Susan Cornelius, '69

*The doctor's a guy who don't ask for applause
For the skillful way that he handles his gauze,
He's known for his mysterious little black bag;
It identifies him just like a name tag.
He has to be smart to perform operations,
In meeting his patients in public relations,
His knowledge and talent we can not ignore;
The wonderful doctor we all should adore.*



THE RIDDLE OF THE MATCH

Susan Cornelius, '69

*Scratch!
Shoosh!
Shooooooooo!
Leaping
 now shrinking
Now crawling down
Now drawing the rest down
Now edging closer and closer to the
Bottom, the top curling in scorn.
Now shrinking in from the sides
Now getting closer to the end and
Farther from the top
The infection has spread throughout.
The head falls off
The neck shrivels and droops
And the body is a victim of decay.*

"ANOTHER OPENING, ANOTHER SHOW"

Rachel Steele, '70

Behind the curtain, all is dark except for the neon-red exit sign which casts a faint glow above the heavy backstage door. A peculiar smell—a mixture of sawdust, paint, and cold cream—pervades the entire area, and left-over smoke from a cloud-machine gives the place an eerie but typically theatrical atmosphere. A clown, shining in the brilliant whiteness of his baggy costume, poses nervously in center stage. A restless, rustling noise comes from the equally nervous audience on the other side of the curtain, augmenting the agitation of the clown. He flaps his hand in front of his face, partly because of the smoke and partly because of the stifling heat. A drop of sweat marks a crease on his cheek as it itches its way over endless layers of red, white, and blue greasepaint.

The lights in the auditorium begin to dim slowly and slyly, as if they were trying to darken the theater without the audience noticing it until they were surrounded in pitch black. The piping, bubbly music of the penny whistle behind him as he darts back and forth across the bare stage. The enthusiasm which seems to radiate from his heart saturates the theater as he catches up the audience into his merry-go-round of fantasy. For one brief and rapturous moment he plays the part of one who does not exist, molding the nothingness into a supple character belonging to him alone.

And then it is over. The spotlight flicks off and the clown feels his way back through the heavy, velvet curtains. The audience awakens from its spell and slowly filters outside, amazed at the presence of sunshine. Backstage, the clown slaps on the cold cream and smears off the greasepaint grin. He ceases to be one who isn't, and steps down from the gaudy lights of imagination.

Molly Howell, '72

*Life is blindness that can see
And deafness that can hear.
It is dumbness that can speak.
Life is a fool with an open mouth
And a lover with a forgiving heart.
It is a king with a lost country.
Life is a day without clouds
And a night without stars.
It is rain with the sun.
Life is wrinkles in the mirror
And gray where black was.
It is new-born beauty.
Life is tears with happiness
And sorrow with delight.
It is knowing that one day all dreams will come true.*

communion

Peggy Davitt, '70

they are alone
 cringing
 crouching
 fearing
 waiting
 each in his
 single silent cloistered cubicle
 for what he fears
 it seems we see in pieces
 like . . . bits
 of many-colored glass
 a piece here
 one there
 and here's a picture
 of lives that fall
 like silent
 single stones
 into the flowing water
 and touch with distant
 reaching ripples
 and echo empty aching
 for the cool white burning
 touch of it
 is more than they can bear
 and reaching for the whiteness
 they are burned
 like
 sacrificial swine
 so they remain
 longing to corrupt the
 sterile,
 stainless
 bloodless
 bare
 aseptic
 cell
 of blank
 sanitized emotion
 longing to enter
 the blue cave
 of crystal and cobwebs
 and feel the
 soft light silent mothwing touch
 of still voices
 in a mistless night
 that murmur of things
 done and felt and seen
 and finally
 understood

ALONE

Susan Cornelius, '69

I whispered,
 softly then loudly
 I spoke lowly,
 gently than harsher
 I spoke louder,
 calmly then worriedly
 I spoke loudly,
 imploringly then anxiously
 I screamed suddenly,
 frantically then
 controlledly
 I remembered
 No one was
 There.



THE SNOW-SKY

Meg Duncan, '69

Outside, the sky is skim milk. Against it, black inter-webs of branches evolve from trunks that evolve from snow, their temporary companion. Tomorrow, a kite blue will return and push the white clouds into memory. But the snow will remain until more Powerfuls melt it. Friends that have passed remind me of white skies. Snow is their living.

GAMES

Ann Denson, '69

*Little girls—
climbing, reaching, striving
for something they know
nothing of.*

*Little girls—
running, playing, screaming—
Red Rover, Red Rover, let . . .*

*Come over!
Chain broken, chain of
thoughts—broken—*

*Little girls—
growing, learning, struggling
in a world of
pressures*

*Discouraged girls—
Thoughts running through
minds, tears running
Down cheeks; already some of them
want to give up.*

*Little girls—
Keep reaching, keep struggling,
keep playing, keep growing.
I know it's hard (redrover redrover)
but don't give up (come over!)*

QUIET DEMISE

Dorothy Keenan, '70

*The tree stretched its long black branches to the
gray sky,
Pointing the way for countless blackbirds to
wing across the weedy field,
The dim light reflecting their weak shadows on
the dying land.*

*The ants and smaller creatures of stones and
mosses made their silent progress along the
twisted, crumbling roots.*

*They carried with them tiny fragments of bark
and lichencovered wood.*

*Each piece a small part of the tree which formed
a cover for their twisted tunnels,
A shelter from a wandering stranger with
careless step.*

*The cawing, lonesome blackbirds were the only
witnesses to the crumbling giant's departure.
Into the damp earth,
bit by bit.*

A STAR

Sandy Feustel, '70

*A twinkling star in the sky,
Can't if it tries—
Out sparkle the twinkle,
In a man's eyes.*

*It takes a great love to create
starlight,
To shine to the earth from such a
height,
Maybe a little bit sticks with man,
And causes him to love the way he can.
If only this love would never die,
And the twinkle be seen in every eye,
So that He who created stars shining on
us below,
May look down on earth and see another
star glow.*



UNTITLED NO. TWO

Sheri Anglea, '70

*Down, down the hall,
long, and narrow
shadowed, black
At the end, the sliding glass doors,
open,
Then the balcony,
And out of that the city, open, fresh,
crystal in night, rises prominently.
Just another place in daytime,
—limiting—smoggy, busy, crowded,
hot-looking even from this distance
—But I still yearn to be there,
even getting trampled
would be better than the
walk back, down the hall, turning back.
And in the night, I feat myself
upon the freedom of midnight
breezes to the sparkles of hopefulness,
just to touch, and be completely
cold, again,
Is so much better than walking
back, away from the cooling freshness
down the hall, darker, and darker,
until the endless black. —the
wall.*

TOAST

Susan Cornelius '69

*Go ahead and
Butter me, man,
I'm a piece of toast,
Browned and hardened by the
Heat of life.
I ain't no crumby, fresh, doughy piece of bread,
No, man, I ain't that easy to
Bend.
I've gotten tougher and
Set in my ways, see,
But, well, I get so
Frustrated sometimes that,
Well, man, I feel like I'm gonna
Break and crumble—
No, no, I'm
O.K. now, see, I can make it through—
Yeah, man, like now you can
Butter me—but lemme tell ya'
Boy
That butter's gonna slide right
Off.*

LAMENT TO THE TWO-TIMING TEDDY BEAR

(with apologies to
Christopher Marlowe)

Ann Denson, '69 and Peggy Davitt, '70

*O Teddy Bear, come lie with me,
Thou creature of inconstancy,
Or, dear, you may not live to see
The dawning of the morrow!
Oh, once we loved—and love was all—
But now you're in another's thrall,
You're mad about an old rag doll,
And I could nearly kill you.
I'd like to take that cheap rag doll
and make her see her sinful blunder,
Whack her worthless head asunder,
But my sister'd surely thunder
If I broke her dolly.
So, Teddy dear, I'll have to rend you
Till not even Mom can mend you,
And you know where that will send you—
Down where you belong!
Alas! My Teddy lies in gore,
His stuffings cover all the floor.
Well, need I mention more?
Teddy cheated on me!*



THE ELUSIVE BOX-KITE DREAM

Judy Quinn, '69

Back and forth

Back and forth

Parting

Then weaving again

Their jungle pattern

On the blue cinerama sky

The tall grasses

Reveal glimpses

Of a Big

Box

Kite

Adorned with air-born daisies.

It seems too high to be real

And its florescent flowers

Tend to make the whole idea seem cheap.

*It just bobs so carefreely and is so unattached
To our straight life.*

*But you can't stay in your dune all
Your life.*

Stand up and follow its string.

There they are—

*The Bellbottomed
Bearded*

People

Run

Along the shore's edge

In and out of chasing curious waves.

*They are the force which pulls this elusive
Flower dream.*

They runrunrunrun

pulling it along

And at times it seems to pull them.

Behold they are tiring,

And they are forced again

To run after.

But it is so high

Can they ever draw it in

To touch?

TOO CLOSE

Rachel Steele, '70

People are funny—

Always running themselves cross-eyed

Trying to see their own noses

*And all they get are two distorted halves of
a picture that has no whole*

—Don't they know it's too close to tell?

THE BALLAD OF POOR MAYBELLE

Lawren Groce, '70

*A brunett, brown-eyed babe, Maybelle,
You see died Saturday morn.*

A quiet girl who sixteen years

Ago that day was born.

On Saturday was scheduled for

All Juniors like Maybelle,

A college test to which had gone

She, hoping to do well.

*We all found seats throughout the room;
Maybelle sat next to me.*

The leaders read instructions, and

We all worked—so did she.

The end of Test number One arrived,

And reminded we were again

That no one was to speak or move.

All questions were in vain.

The second test was soon begun,

An hour we were allowed.

While finishing the first answer,

Maybelle coughed oh so loud.

And then Maybelle began to choke;

Her face was turning red.

But not allowed to move, Maybelle

After Test Two, was dead.

The leaders quickly took her out,

And guessed, "Why death?" at first.

But soon they knew the cause; I hear

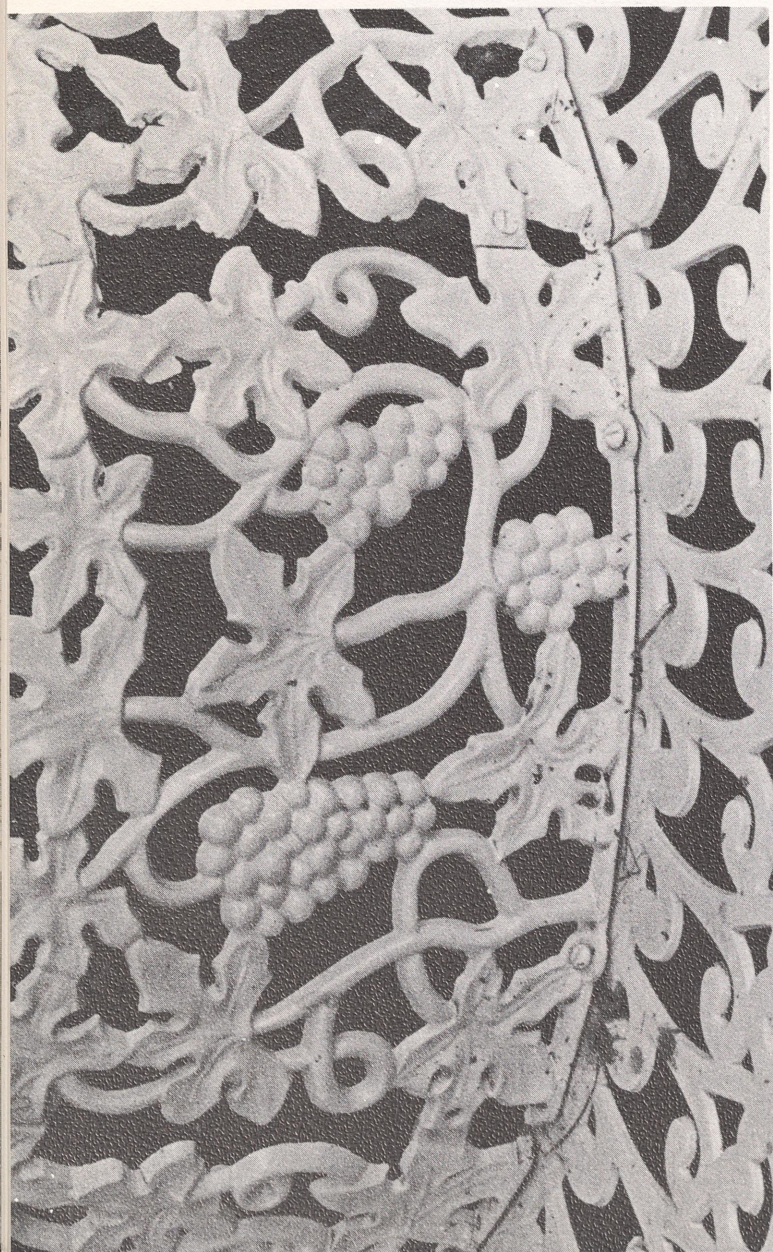
She died of unquenched thirst.



DESCRIPTION OF A STATUED BOWL

Kathy Grant, '70

*Soft curves of infancy
Yet shield the young bones,
But already new muscles
Show the signs of use.
Curly-locked heads
With soft rose petal cheeks
Are bowed in effort,
And straining shoulders
Direct the weight
Of body and soul
Against the stress
Of the unbearable burden.
Hovering near
But out of the view
Of downcast eyes,
Lush grapes
Nestle in the leaves.*



SUN DECKS AND DRY HAIR

Rachel Steele, '70

*You called me friend once—
You even said you liked the way I laughed.
We climbed our tree to reach the sun.
Thinking you were at my heels, I struggled to
the top to sway in the wind.
But you climbed down to search out Other
playmates and left me to sway alone
Don't you know it's no fun to climb and swing
When there's no one to say watch out?
—We said we'd plunge together into that inviting
yet slightly appalling river,
But you let loose my hand and I dove alone
And here I am—exposed and betrayed—
Treading water vigorously as I gaze up at you
Content to blankly sun yourself on the safe deck
Because the Others are there and they like dry
hair.*

*I was a novelty too once.
You played happily with me—thought I'd get
somewhere, didn't you?
But now you've tired of this old
doll and you've thrust it back in the
cluttered corner of your heart.
Remember the time when someone tripped you
The Others rushed past but I stopped to pick you
Up from the dirt.
I tore off my bandage to seal up your wounds.
Why did you kick dust into my exposed hurt?
My wound won't heal.
You've taken me for granted
You think I'll be treading water eagerly should
you glance my way
Funny thing is—I will.
For no matter how much I cringe at the sight
of you sunning on the deck,
I could never splash water on your dry hair.
Oh, you'll ornament yourself with Their friend-
ships until They're out of style
And perhaps
—When you run out of novelties
You'll turn around to this old pushed-back
doll and brush away the dust,
Plunge into my river and make it ours.
This tree we planted—it's a lonely one
But maybe it's better this way
Trees need rain as well as sun.*

THE BROWN RECLUSE SPIDER

Susan Corneliuss '69

*Oh curse on you venomous Brown Recluse!
Are you rampant, running loose??
Your distinguishing little violin
Surely makes you a deadly sin.
You hide in houses, beds, and bed rolls,
In dark and dusky out-of-the-way holes.
All I can say is that you, little Arachnid,
Had better not be there when I hit the sacknid!!*

HOLIDAY

Mary Groves, '69

*Rambling stretches of nameless
sand
Dapple hues of flame and rose
Solid cliffs towering above clear
sea
Two small children amble hand in
hand
The bright lights become hazy in
the smoke-filled room
Strippers dance, music blears
People converse across plastic
tables
They sigh under their masks at
their doom.*

FIFTEEN QUIET MINUTES

Ann Denson, '69

Friday morning, 1:00 AM; one week had passed since it had happened—no, not quite one week. The girl was awake. She knew that she would have to go to school later on that morning. She knew that she would be tired.

It was 1:05 now, and it was raining. "It was raining a week ago tonight," the girl thought. It was cold, too, a week ago. She yawned, but she wasn't tired not yet.

It was 1:10 and she walked downstairs to the kitchen. She got a coke and sat down at the table. "Why," she thought, "why did it happen?" It was over now anyway; only the memories were left. The girl put on her rain coat and got an umbrella. She went outside.

It was 1:14, only one more minute and it will have been a week. The minute was up and the girl heard a deafening screech of tires on wet pavement. She walked back into the house. She took off her wet coat, put up the umbrella, and went upstairs. It had been a week now.

A WASTED THOUGHT

Margaret Weaver, '70

*Like a small blue ball,
It bounces through
The Columns of your thoughts
And waves down the avenue of inspiration.
Like a half-frozen raindrop,
It trickles down
Each cracked and withered brow
To collect into waste at its end.
Each stiched and patterned movement
Stretches forth to multiply its own,
But a stone will stop the ball
And a gutter will stop the rain.*

BIAFRA

Beth Parrish, '70

*Fall gently from the sky sweet rains
On forests of dark hate.
With soft, warm lips of painless love
Kiss lambs one thousand late.
Creep gnawing rat with greedy eyes
The larder is unguarded.
A nation's future is your meat
Your drink, its blood departed.
Kill bitter man without regard
For that which you desire.
Dress mind and soul in freedom's garb
For death you do attire.
Reach out to help with passive hands
With looks of bored concern.
Close ears, close eyes to ugly death
No desperate cries discern,
Laugh small, brown boy with tear-stained face
No child should ever cry.
You know that life's a precious gift,
Why wish so much to die?*



THE MEADOW

Margo Hill, '70

*Warm sun,
Cloudless sky,
Soft grass,
Violets blue
Last seen
In the golden hue
Of that poisonous
mushroom.*

DAWN COMES OVER THE MOUNTAIN

Peggy Davitt, '70

Elizabeth heard the voices from within as she parked her car and got out. Mountain air was cold at night. She pulled her stole around her and went up the wide, white steps. When the door opened, it seemed to pull her into the gait. Cordelia Madison greeted her at the door. Cordelia's pale gold dress and auburn hair, with just a touch of gray coursing through it, blended perfectly with her spontaneous personality: her very appearance said welcome.

"Elizabeth, come in. Gene, it's Elizabeth."

"Come on and join the party," he called.

"Thomas. Thomas! Oh, Gene, where on earth is he?" Cordelia was an impeccable hostess and provided amply for the comfort of her guests.

Elizabeth looked around. There seemed to be few people whom she knew.

"What will you have, dear?"

"Oh, A Gibson, please."

"Thomas, bring Miss Rodham a Gibson."

"Elizabeth," a voice called from nearby.

"Georgia, hello!"

"Welcome to the hunting grounds, though you'll have difficulty in taking the prey away from Mother." Georgia Massey's voice was always a little sarcastic. People learned to accept it as part of her way. At twenty-five she was a lovely, dark girl who constantly struggled against being overshadowed by her own mother. Eleanor Massey was quite a gay divorcee. She was still the beautiful, inexhaustible, magnetic woman who attracted everyone she met. Georgia felt inferior.

As Elizabeth and Georgia were talking, a man was looking over the rim of his glass at the tall blonde wearing black. He was watching her closely. Emily? It's Emily, isn't it? His eyes never left her.

"Georgia, who's that man?"

"Who?"

"The one staring at me. Don't look right at him! Who is he?"

"A very desirable man."

Thomas brought the drink.

"I mean who is he?"

"Richard Conrad. You could do worse!"

"There must be something vitally wrong with him for *you* to tell me that, Georgia."

She shrugged. "He's a little strange. Had a nasty accident some months back. He was driving and his wife was killed. He hasn't quite gotten over it."

"I'll bet."

"Well, you should have a fun time finding out. The dear man is going to join us."

"Lord, no!"

"Oh, Elizabeth, don't throw away a perfectly good opportunity. At least you can meet him.

Smile."

Richard Conrad emerged from the crowd. "Good evening. The name's Georgia, isn't it?"

"Yes, we met last month at the Haverstead's party."

He was noticing Elizabeth's drink. A Gibson. Emily likes Gibsons. No, Emily liked Gibsons. He looked at Elizabeth.

He is peculiar. And rude! He must be intoxicated. Why does he keep looking at me? Georgia, say something. He's being unbearable.

Georgia spoke with sophisticated amusement, "I don't believe you've met Richard Conrad." Then to Conrad, "This is Eli—"

"Emily?" Elizabeth looked at him. "Emily." He spoke with quiet decision.

"No. My name is Elizabeth, Elizabeth Rodham."

His expression conveyed disbelief but he smiled politely. "Perhaps I was mistaken, but I'm very glad to have met you anyway." He left them.

"He's stalking you, dear?"

"He belongs in a nuthouse."

"How supremely stupid you can be Mother wouldn't let him get away."

"I'm not your mother and I don't want him around me."

Elizabeth avoided him, but, knowing he was watching her, she found it difficult not to look at him. Once she turned around and found him staring at her. She politely smiled and then saw his brows come together in a cold frown. Irritated and a little uneasy at his behavior, she made a point of looking in the opposite direction.

Cordelia tapped her on the shoulder and smiled, "There's a young man I promised to introduce you to."

"What?"

"A young man.—Elizabeth?" "Oh, yes. I—I'd love to meet him."

Elizabeth walked down the steps and breathed in the cold air. What relief to be out of there! a miserable evening. And that awful man!

She got into the car, turned the ignition, and started down the driveway. Stretching in the seat, she relaxed as the car began to wind around the narrow road. Two headlights appeared behind her and she soon noticed that they were weaving. The idiot to drive tipsy on this road, especially at night. Just don't get too close to me!

Elizabeth drove on. The headlights were closer and weaving terribly. The driver had to be completely drunk. Suddenly the lights were right behind her. A horn was blaring at her. What is it? What's happening? Stop the noise! The lights, he's going to hit me!

She slammed her foot on the accelerator and 26 the road jumped up in front of her. Then suddenly there was no road. Where is it? Where'd it

go? I'm going over the edge!

Her lights caught the white line and she yanked the wheel around. She was still on the road. But what happened to the lights in back? They came around the curve, came at her again. She guessed who the driver was. Suddenly there was loud noise and those lights that wouldn't stop.

Emily, you wretched woman, I hate you! But of course I'll never be rid of you, you won't divorce me. You know all about the money. That I made illegal profits on the deals and took it little by little so the firm couldn't prove anything—I made sure of that! You couldn't get so much out of alimony. You couldn't make me pay any more than I'm legally supposed to have. And if you blew it, you'd lose it anyway. So you won't let me go.

Blackmail is a nasty game, Emily. It can blow up in your face. But then you're so deadly clever. Clever, clever girl. You're up to something. By God, you'd do it, wouldn't you! You'd say I've gone off again and put me back in there. Then you'd get the money. You can't have it, damn you, it's mine! I'll keep it if I have to kill us both. We'll die now, Emily, right now, in this car!

—No, that's the way it was, Emily. I had to go too. But I didn't go. I lived. You won't take it now, Emily. This time it will only be you.

The lights and the horn came at Elizabeth again. She swerved and jolted. Conrad bumped the back of her car. He's going to kill me. HE'S GOING TO KILL ME!

She pushed the accelerator to the floor. The car seemed to slam into the mountain but she jerked the wheel and there was the white line again.

Then, like an exploding grenade, a desperate will to live burst into her. If he's going to kill me he'll have to run me into the ground first. If I can get around this turn I'll have a little distance, I can steal an inch of time.

She wheeled around the bend and escaped his sight. Suddenly it flashed in her mind. It's him or me—and it's not going to be me! She slammed on the brakes, felt her head snap back. Then blackness.

Conrad saw the car stopped dead in front of him. Deranged and drunk, he didn't think, he reacted. He grabbed at the wheel and veered. The sky came up to meet him. "No, Emily! It's you, it's you who should die!" His car plummeted down the cliff, striking the sides and somersaulting violently before it crashed at the bottom.

Elizabeth was clutching the car door and peering over the edge at the two headlights that beamed up from below. It was beginning to be light. Through her sobs she was muttering, "I knew, I knew what to do all of a sudden. Oh, God, what else could I do?"

THE UMBRELLA

Susan Cornelius, '69

*It's like I'm standing in the rain
With an umbrella.*

*I'm the only one under the umbrella
Yet there are others around me getting
Wet.*

*I wanted to be wet like them
But when I flung my umbrella to the gutter
And stood in the rain
I felt cold.*

I saw my umbrella was broken . . .

Unmendable

And my misery was real.



INDEPENDENCE

Ginger Harris, '70

Sarah Boone turned slowly toward the kitchen with her load of dishes. Her mind was on her husband Tom, still sitting in the dining room. In their forty-six years of marriage he had never once made a move from his place at the breakfast table until he had notified her of his plans for the day. She returned to her seat beside him and looked attentively into his face. He was absent-mindedly staring at the design on the tablecloth. She touched him gently. "Tom, dear, do you feel all right?"

"Yes, Mamma, only my chest's a little heavy. I feel a little weak."

"It's well we didn't plan anything for today. I think you need some rest. You go on upstairs, and I'll bring you a quilt in a minute." Her voice was soft and low. He rose and walked obediently toward the stairs like a small puppy. As Mrs. Boone gazed after him, she thought sadly how much he had aged the last ten years. It wasn't just his white hair and lined face; it was his stooped shoulders and limping walk. He had gone through a painful flareup of arthritis in his foot just recently and was still hobbling. She worried at his lack of energy and his constant weakness. Dr. Billings had told her that at seventy-two Tom was doing well to be as lively as he was. Still, she was sixty-seven and felt a good deal better than she supposed Tom did.

As she walked up the stairs in the big old house, memories of a similar climb many, many years earlier rose to her mind. She was carrying the blanket to Betsy, their oldest, a sleepy ten-year-old with chicken pox. "Feeling better, Betsy?" she had asked.

"A little. How much longer till I'm well, Mamma?" Her sweet voice crossed the barrier of years to Mrs. Boone's thoughts. The little girl impatient to be up and around contrasted strikingly with the busy housewife and mother longing for rest. From Betsy Boone to Mrs. Betsy Wright was a big jump.

Yes, marriage was a big jump. She remembered that when Tom had asked her to be his wife she hadn't realized just how big it really was. Having Betsy had made a difference, and then there were Richard and Kathleen. She had loved them all dearly and had tried to bring them up right. But now there was just Tom to take care of. She spread the quilt over his tired body and kissed his cheek. As he smiled at her weakly, she realized how much he needed her.

Mrs. Boone loved the crossword puzzle in the morning paper. She turned to it first thing and went to work. Yet for some reason she couldn't concentrate. Perhaps it wasn't good that Tom depended so much on her. What would he do if something happened to her? Where would he live? Who would take care of him? Kathleen

had four little ones. She had no time for an old man. Perhaps Betsy. But no, Chicago was too big and too far away for Tom. Then it would have to be Richard. He would be good to his old father. But he wouldn't be the same, for he didn't know Tom the way she did. No one understood him or cared for him the way she could. Of course not. Who else had lived with him and loved him for forty-six-years?

A loud ring of the phone brought her mind home from its wanderings. It was Carol, Richard's wife. "Mamma, you and Dad simply must come to dinner tonight." Carol was sorry Pappa wasn't feeling his best, but hoped he would be well enough to come. Mrs. Boone replaced the phone mechanically. Richard would pick them up at 6:00.

At 5:15 that afternoon, Mrs. Boone asked Tom if he shouldn't be getting ready. "Yes, Mamma, but what should I wear?" His puzzled look made her smile. She took his hand and led him up the creaking stairs.

Richard owned an acre lot on the outskirts of Albuquerque. His modern house showed the success he enjoyed in real estate. Night was just falling as they climbed out of the car. Mrs. Boone took her husband's arm as they walked toward the door and smiled when she saw the beaming countenance of Carey, Richard's only child. After discussing the weather and such, Carol rose to get dinner on the table. "What would you like to drink with dinner, Dad?" she asked.

"He'll just have water, and that's what I'd like too," Mrs. Boone answered. Tom nodded.

Carol was a good cook and everyone enjoyed the meal. When they were through, Carol began taking orders for dessert.

"We have vanilla ice cream or orange sherbet, and there's some angel food cake that's fresh."

"I don't care for anything," said Mrs. Boone. She glanced at Tom. "I think Pappa wants some cake and sherbet, but don't give him too much. We don't want him to get fat." Carol smiled and turned back to the kitchen.

"You know, the stage lost a good man when I decided to go to law school," Tom was saying. He could have been good at anything, and Mrs. Boone knew it. It was just his way, and that's why she had married him. He was ambitious, but he had needed her support. Now that he was too old for ambition, he needed her more than ever. They drove home quietly.

He looked more tired than she had seen him in weeks when she tucked him in that night. "Perhaps we shouldn't have gone tonight. It wore you out," she said.

"It was nice. I'm glad we went. We must have them visit us here soon. After all, he's our only son." Tom looked as if he hadn't the strength to say anything more.

"Good night, dear," she whispered. He an-

swered by squeezing her hand, and she slept easily.

The morning was cold. Richard put his arm around her as they entered the house. "Some coffee would be good for you," he murmured. Mrs. Boone wondered at the truth in what she had read. She really couldn't cry. She felt like it was an ugly nightmare, coming suddenly like this. Oh Tom, Tom, you aren't really gone. It must be a bad dream.

But no, it hurt too much to be a dream. Reality is so much more painful. Her sad eyes searched for comfort, but there was none without him. Richard and his family looked on sympathetically, but she didn't want their pity. Carey put her arms around the old woman. "I'm sorry, Grandma. We're all hurt—shocked really." Suddenly she realized that the reason for her self-control was not like theirs. It was not the shock. Instead, it was the lack of shock. Actually, she had expected and feared it all along. They didn't know. They couldn't. No one could comprehend the utter loneliness that is left when a life's companion is gone. No more would she clear his dishes, decide what he was to eat and wear, or tuck him in at night. She had needed him just as much as he had needed her. Maybe more. Because she needed to be needed. Now she was of no use to anyone. Just an old woman. A solitary tear trickled down her wrinkled cheek and plopped into her cold coffee.

REMEDY FOR A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Merrie Morrissey, '69

*babbling cab drivers
would have increased your Latin loathing
tip-crazy bellboys
and waiters
and beachhelpers
would have put another wrinkle in your
forehead
but whatever happened to our vacation
plans and all those places we were going to go?
if you could have felt:
the sun penetrating to the bone sapping
every ounce of strength from your body
the salt water untensing your muscles
the breezy Caribbean air soothingly brushing
the curls on your brow.
and the pineapple drink turning your mouth
inside out sweetly, bitterly.
then you would have found the questions
so deformed and dangled in your
detached mind.
if you had known the questions
you could have found the answers
we would have found the answers
if only you were here, now.*

A BAKERY

Susan Cornelius, '69

*To me a bakery's a delightful trap,
The intended end of a treasure map.
The rows and rows of delectable pastries
Would surely make thoroughly palatable tastries!
I wish I could eat the cakes and pies
And manage to maintain my size.
The cookies at once attract my attention—
You'd think they were some kind of new
invention!
A doughnut too is a yummy treat,
But the gingerbread man is hard to beat!
Coffee cakes, sweet rolls—
I could devour them all,
The amount I'm afraid would really appall!
You can leave me any time at a bakery,
But come back within minutes for the bakery's
sakery.*

SONNET FOUR

Jean Jones, '70

*Could we deny the love we feel today
And feign to live alone in worlds apart—
For ones who never even felt this way
Yet, still remain to be as one in heart?
Our love is boundless of the chains of time
However in life's youth our love is bound;
By silent whispers we hear joys sublime
That echo hushes of what we have found.
Or should we melt the ice of seas ahead?
Unfolding that which destines us to joy,
Joys and promises found in what you've said—
Or separate ourselves—one girl, one boy?
Make not our love a future dream come true—
But let me now begin a life with you.*

UNTITLED NO. 3

Sheri Anglea, '70

*In the darkness,
a thought
from my heart,
through my sleep,
pours
pink champagne
on paper,
and I
usually
spill it.*



SENIOR CLASS POEM, 1968-69

SPRUNG FROM "BLUE GIRLS"

Judy Quinn, '69

Sprung from "Blue girls"
 We are green.
Green perhaps for our magnolia back-
 ground
And true there is that freshness about
 green
That newness ever-striving
 to bloom
 as we bloom now
 to a different clime
 from our white-bricked-sleep
 in golden time, falling white, and in
 spring love
 to a different climb.
Yet we will mould it familiar as we did
our once-new life here
And when we walk to her for our last time
 we will remember
 how blown as seeds from many homes
 we made this ours.
 and hours we spent in caprice
 and hours in making this H.H.
And we will be dressed in white
 on stiff stalks unbowed
 we are proud
 and bloom to show you.
As we walk away
 our blossoms closing

again we will be green
sprung from "blue girls"
sprinkled with yellow sun.

*John Crowe Ransom's "Blue Girls" refers to
Ward Belmont students.



EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS

Editors-in-Chief	<i>Kathy Grant '70</i>
<i>Dorothy Keenan '70</i>	<i>Lawren Groce '70</i>
<i>Sheri Anglea '70</i>	<i>Ginger Harris '70</i>
Class Editors	<i>Margo Hill '70</i>
<i>Susan Cornelius '69</i>	<i>Jean Jones '70</i>
<i>Jeannie Crawford '70</i>	<i>Grace Paine '70</i>
<i>Peggy Davitt '70</i>	<i>Beth Parrish '70</i>
<i>Rachel Steele '70</i>	<i>Patti Pigg '70</i>
<i>Margaret Weaver '70</i>	<i>Claire Brittain '71</i>
Art Editor	<i>Molly Howell '72</i>
<i>Peggy Campbell '69</i>	<i>Shannon Stony '72</i>
<i>Ann Denson '69</i>	<i>Josephine Kelley '73</i>
<i>Meg Duncan '69</i>	<i>Ellen Daugherty '74</i>
<i>Mary Ellen Finks '69</i>	<i>Cora Dobson '74</i>
<i>Mary Groves '69</i>	<i>Lynn Farrar '74</i>
<i>Merrie Morrissey '69</i>	<i>Mary Alice Harbison '74</i>
<i>Judy Quinn '69</i>	<i>Vicki Mills '74</i>
<i>Paula Whitson '69</i>	<i>Cathy Van Eys '74</i>
<i>Sandy Feustel '70</i>	

Cover design by Lynn Greer
 Photography by Miss Mountfort and Mrs. Keys

